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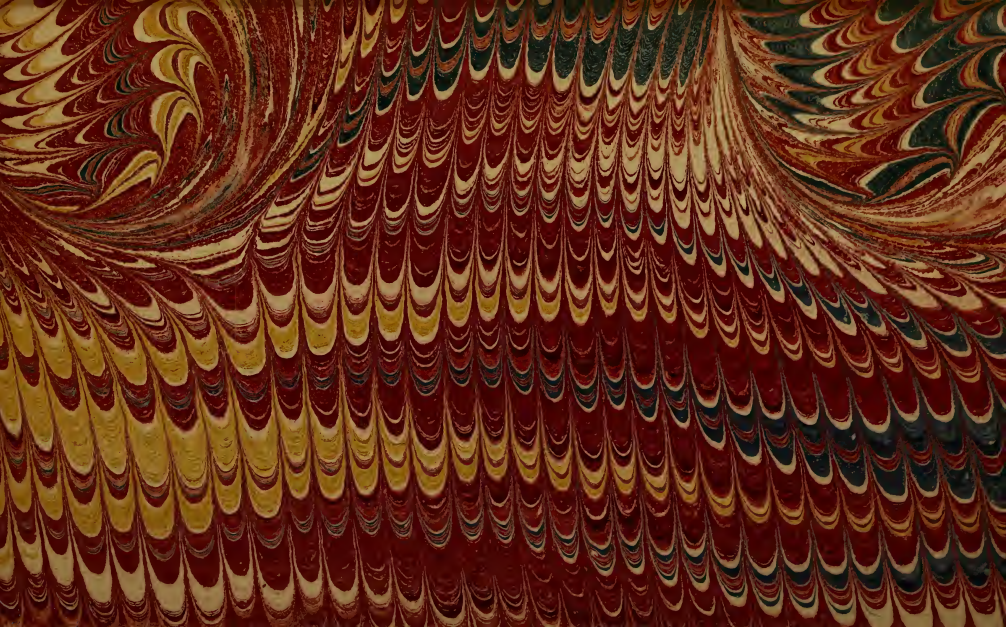

CLARKE & BEDFORD

V. 5. 1st part of Henry IV. 16.

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr William Shakeſpear.

Volume the Fifth.

CONTAINING,

KING HENRY IV. Part I.
KING HENRY IV. Part II.
KING HENRY V.
KING HENRY VI. Part I.

LONDON:
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151.359
May, 1873

The First Part of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

Henry *Sirnam'd* Hot-Spur.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
JOHN, *Prince of* Lancaster, }

WORCESTER,
NORTHUMBERLAND,
HOT-SPUR,
MORTIMER,
Archbishop of YORK, } *Enemies to the King.*
DOWGLAS,
OWEN GLENDOWER,
Sir RICHARD VERNON,
Sir MICHELL,

WESTMORLAND, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir WALTER BLUNT, }

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS,
GADS-HILL, } *Companions of* Falstaff.
PETO,
BARDOLPH,

Lady PERCY, *Wife to* Hot-spur.
Lady MORTIMER, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hostess QUICKLY.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

THE

THE FIRST PART OF King *HENRY* IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court at LONDON.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaster, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

K. Henry. SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote!
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall dawb her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed arms
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock

And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of *Christ*,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin *Westmorland*,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against th'irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
A thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation
By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. *Henry.* It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the holy land.

West. This, matcht with other like, my gracious Lord;
Farther uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there

Young

Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. *Henry*. Here is a dear and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
Unto the beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls
Of *Athol*, *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. *Henry*. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon;
A ſon, who is the theam of honour's tongue,
Amongſt a grove the very ſtreighteſt plant,
Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, couſin,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,

To

To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him plume himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. *Henry.* But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords:
But come your self with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal.* For we that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by *Phœbus, he, that wandring knight so fair.* And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king——as God save thy Grace, (Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of

of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana*'s foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we——steal.

P. *Henry* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd as the sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, *lug out*; and spent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows——

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad: and is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the castle *; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent—But I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

* This is a proof that the name of Sir *John Oldcastle* stood first under this character of *Falstaff*.

P.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles, and art indeed the moſt incomparative, raſcalliеſt, ſweet young Prince —But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry.* Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreet, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable attraction, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord; an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.—*Poins!*——

SCENE III. *Enter* Poins.

Now ſhall we know if *Gads-hill* have ſet a match. O, if men

men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, *stand*, to a true man.——

P. *Henry.* Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal.* What says Monsieur remorse? what says Sir *John* sack and sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lyes to-night in *Rochester*, I have bespoke supper to-morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; thou cam'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone;

alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting! that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallown summer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. *Henry*. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. *Henry*. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry* But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lyes the jest.

P. *Henry*. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things ne-

neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel!

Poins. Farewel, my Lord! [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hot-ſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty and to be fear'd in my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it,

And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord ——

K. *Henry.* Hence, *Worcester*, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit* Wor.
You were about to speak. [*To* North.

North. Yes, my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.
Or envy therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword;
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose: * and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,

* -----nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.---And still he smil'd, &c.

To

To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: And but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my Lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. *Henry.* Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtrait
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*:
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Has lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and * indent with foes,

* Indent, *for* article, bargain.

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But bore the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s sedgie bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. *Henry.* Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou believest him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not asham'd? but from this hour, Sir,
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,

Although

Although it be with hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.
Enter Worceſter.
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will ſpeak of him, and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop in duſt,
But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke.*
North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
[*To* Worceſter.
Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer.*
Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer* as lawful
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation, ſhall it be,

That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangmen rather,
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Ingag'd them both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bolingbroke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay —

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unſtedfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If we fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim:
Send Danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So Honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple. O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;

Or

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*
That are your priſoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes,
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lyes aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Hear you, couſin: a word——

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, my kinſman; I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke:*
In *Richard*'s time——what do ye call the place?——
A plague upon't——it is in *Glo'stershire*——
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept——
His uncle *York*——where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of smiles, this *Bolingbroke:*
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg.*

North. At *Barkley* castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why, what a deal of candied courtesie
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age,*——
And *gentle Harry Percy*——and *kind cousin*——
The devil take such cozeners——God forgive me——
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again, we'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.
Deliver them without their ransom strait,
And make the *Dowglas'* son your only mean
For pow'rs in *Scotland*; which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted: you, my Lord, [*To* North.
(Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd)
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Archbishop.

Hot. York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop.*
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: on my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot chuse but be a noble plot;

And

And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*,
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. So they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceeding well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we deem our selves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewel. No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu! O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Car.* HEIGH ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler!

Ost. Anon, anon!

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt*'s saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all case.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* Ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.*

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all *London* road for fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Mass there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in the chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away!

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

2 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What, ostler! a plague on thee; hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's a clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

SCENE II. *Enter Chamberlain.*

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varyest no more from picking of purses, than

than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Chamb. Good-morrow, maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with *St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit-ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-ſtaff ſixpenny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-maltworms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomaſters and great owners, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than think; and think ſooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their ſaint the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, or make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

* A cant word for the Devil, *old Nick*.

Gads.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Highway.*

Enter Prince Henry, Poins *and* Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff*'s horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!*

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew! a plague upon you all. Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear close

close to the ground, and lift if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. *Henry.* Out, you rogue, shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardolph*, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* You four shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge;

when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. *Henry*. *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

SCENE IV. *Enter Travellers.*

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill; we'll walk a foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. *Jeſu* bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whorſon caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry*. The thieves have bound the true-men: now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry*. Your mony!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, and* Falſtaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry*. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſt with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good *Ned*. Now *Falſtaff* ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lord* Percy's *Houſe*.

Enter Hot-ſpur *ſolus, reading a letter.*

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in reſpect of the love he bears our houſe:* he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it ſelf unſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his Lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my ſelf, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas?* have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcal is this! an infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my ſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared. I will ſet forward to-night.

SCENE VI. *Enter Lady* Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage! to the field!* and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him strait. O *Esperance!*
Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*

Lady.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.
Hot. What say'ſt thou, my Lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weazel hath
Not ſuch a deal of ſpleen as you are toſt with.
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
About his title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go ——
Hot. — So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion, I ſhall aſk.
I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*, if
Thou wilt not tell me true.
Hot. Away, you trifler: love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them currant too —— gods me! my horſe!
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you ſpeak in jeſt or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon whereabout.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecreſie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.
Lady. How! ſo far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you me, *Kate*,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate?*

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry. Ned*, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conscience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, *hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome*, *Sir:* with this shrill addition, *Anon*, *Sir*, *anon*, *Sir*; *Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so. But, *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar: and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires.*

Poins. Francis!

P. *Henry.* Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Francis *the Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph.*

P. *Henry.* Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. *Henry.* How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to ——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart ——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. *Henry.* Nay, but hark you, *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry.* I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry.* Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis*, but to-morrow, *Francis*; or, *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis!*

Fran. My Lord.

P. *Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry.* Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. *Henry.* Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. *Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins!* [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. *Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve a-clock at midnight. What's a-clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet* Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he, and answers, *some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in *Falstaff,* I'll play-*Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Ribi!* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE IX.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too,

too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of ſack, boy—— Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the ſweet face of the ſun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward——Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a weaver, I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

P. *Henry.* How now, *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

P. *Henry.* Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me——Give me a cup of ſack, I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I.

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. *Henry.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards —— let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. *Henry.* Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack,* then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am ſure I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal,* if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe; thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal,* I told thee four.

Poins.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to: these nine in buckram that I told thee of——

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal,* that thou could'st not see thy hand.)

P. *Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasie tallow-ketch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. *Henry.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack,* your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons

were

were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. *Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, ——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you Eel-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bulls-pizzel, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter what is like thee! You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. *Henry.* We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick? what device? what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*, what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* Content; and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

SCENE X. *Enter Hoſteſs.*

Hoſt. O *Jeſu!* my Lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my Lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee do, *Jack.*

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now, Sirs, by'r Lady you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto*, ſo did you, *Bardolph:* you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manour, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*; thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. *Henry*. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry*. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry*. No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI. *Enter* Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waste; I could have crept into any Alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you must go to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the Devil his true Liege-man upon the cross of a *Welsh*-hook: what a plague call you him——

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*; the same, and his son in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Douglas*, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular——

P. *Henry*. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry*. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry*. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow, but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry*. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Worcester* is stol'n away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. *Henry*.

P. *Henry.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. *Henry.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. *Henry.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved — Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King * *Cambyses'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech — Stand aside, Nobility —

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my tristful Queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace good tickle-brain — *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomil, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows; yet

* An old Play intitled *A lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of* Cambises *King of* Persia. *By* Thomas Preston.

youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heav'n prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st; for, *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man i' faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'rlady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. *Henry*. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? —— If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. *Henry*. Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false. —— Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry*.

P. *Henry*. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. *Henry*. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal My Lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry*. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then *Pharaoh*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry*'s company: banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

P. *Henry*. I do, I will. [*Knocking, and Hostess goes out. Enter* Bardolph *running*.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. *Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt* Falstaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. *Henry.* Call in the Sheriff.

SCENE XII. *Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*

P. *Henry.* Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do assure you, is not here, For I my self at this time have imploy'd him; And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal; And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be so; if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. *Henry.* This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff! fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: search his pockets. [*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.* What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*

Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*

Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a * march of twelvescore. The mony shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Arch-deacon of Bangor's *House in* Wales.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

Mort. THese promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?
And uncle *Worcester* —— A plague upon it! ——
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is;

* *i. e.* it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore yards.

Sit, couſin *Percy*, ſit, good couſin *Hotſpur:*
For by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I blame him not: at my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets; knew that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth,
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though your ſelf had ne'er been born.

Glend. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. I ſay the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.

Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then th' earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,

Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there is no man speaks better *Welsh.*
I'll to dinner——
Mort. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth, *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*
If thou have pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head
Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' Arch-deacon hath divided it already
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute)
To-morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meet your father and the *Scottish* power,

As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:
Within in that space, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my portion, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land
A huge half moon a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th' opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-side win this cape of land,
Then he runs strait and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *English* ditty, lovely well,

And

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'ad rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
As that to any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I will go haste the * writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, cousin *Percy*, how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
† With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finless fish,
A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the last night at least nine hours,
In reck'ning up the several devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd *hum*, and *well*,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious,
As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife;

* He means the writer of the articles.
† This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced *Owen Glendower* to take arms against K. *Henry*. See *Hall*'s Chron. fol. 20.

Worse

Worse than a smoaky house. I'ld rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As mines of *India*: shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And since your coming here have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

SCENE III.

Enter Glendower, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

Glendower *speaks to her in* Welsh, *and she answers him in the same.* *Glend.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in* Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heav'ns,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, an if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in* Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavineſs;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And tho' th' musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet strait they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

L. *Percy.* Go, ye giddy goose. [*The musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh*, and 'tis no marvel he is so humorous, by'rlady he's a good musician.

L. *Percy*. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lye still, ye thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady* my brach howl in *Irish*.

L. *Percy*. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

L. *Percy*. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

L. *Percy*. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's bed.

L. *Percy*. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings. [*Here the Lady sings a* Welsh *song*. Come, I'll have your song too.

L. *Percy*. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good sooth*; and, *as true as I love*; and, *as God shall mend me*; and, *as sure as day*: and giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than *Finsbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *in sooth*,
And such protests of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, sing.

L. *Percy*. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast*-teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: and so come in, when ye will. [*Exit*.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV. *WINDSOR*.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others*.

K. *Henry*. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Must have some private conference: but be near,
For we shall presently have need of you.——[*Exe. Lords*.
I know not whether God will have it so,

For

For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me, elſe
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attaints,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So pleaſe your Majeſty, I wiſh I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well, as I am doubtleſs I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of Greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers;
I may for ſome things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee! yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wondred at;
That men would tell their children, *This is he.*
Others would say, *Where? which is* Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesie from heav'n,
And dreſt my self in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash baven wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; 'scarded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
They rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And

And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind it ſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. *Henry*. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelf.

K. *Henry*. *Harry*, for all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Ravenſpurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm,
Turns head againſt the Lion's armed jaws;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords and rev'rend Biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt!
Thrice hath this *Hot-ſpur Mars* in ſwathing-cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th'Archbiſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas* and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under *Percy*'s pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sie at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which wash't away shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would there were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heav'n, I promise here:
The which, if I perform't and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature;
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. *Henry*. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the *English* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury:*
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. *Henry.* The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*;
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On *Thursday*, we our selves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glo'stershire:* by which, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not 'bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose gown: I am withered like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church! company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter——of an hour; paid mony that I borrow'd, ——three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou beareſt the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire-light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of thine with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tight of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'll be ſworn my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go!

Hoſt. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John:* you do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight ſhillings an ell: you owe mony here beſides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face, what call you rich? let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O *Jeſu!* I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Peto; Falſtaff *meets them, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly?* how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and lift to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack?*

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of

of forty pound a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry.* What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go!

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and ſetting thy knight-hood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

P. *Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man, knows where to have me; thou knave thou!

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st as thou art but a man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. *Henry.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorson, impudent, imboss't rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'st in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell; and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villainy? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry.* It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd,—still?——Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess, weeping.* Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court for the robbery, lad: how is that answer'd?

P. *Henry.* O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. *Henry.* I have procured thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry. Bardolph!*

Bard. My Lord.

P. *Henry.* Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my brother *John:* this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*. Go, *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-hall* at two a-clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they, or we, muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglas.

Hot. WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*; if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral currant through the world.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of ſoothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your ſelf.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well—What letters haſt thou there?—
I can but thank you.

Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous ſick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

Meſſ. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!
I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſician.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read

The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dow. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We now may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know, we of th' offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger glare to our great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'er-turn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think; there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

SCENE II. *Enter Sir* Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul.

Ver.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither with Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſon?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daffe the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſht, all in arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, and with the wind
Baiting like Eagles having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the ſun at *Midſummer*,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his beaver up,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And * witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall, and horſe to horſe
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till One drop down a coarſe.

* Witch, *for* bewitch, charm.

Oh, that *Glendower* were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worst tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The pow'r of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Road to* Coventry.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through: we'll to *Sutton-colfield* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me mony, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Hal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamm'd of my soldiers, I am a sowc'd gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good housholders, yeomens sons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banes: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a struck Deer, or a hurt wild-fowl. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they have bought out their services: and now my whole charge consists of Ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves,

slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick'd his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers: revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Westmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad wag, what a devil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good Lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat to steal cream.

P. *Henry*. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry*. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss; food for powder,

food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry.* No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *At* Shrewsbury.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas*: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battel,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,

That

That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up,
Your uncle *Worceſter*'s horſe came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half, half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay 'till all come in.
[*The trumpet ſounds a parley.*

SCENE V. *Enter Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo;
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But to my charge.——The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for your ſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and my ſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:

And

And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurg*:
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fav'rites that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life:
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March*,
(Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,

Indeed

Indeed his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
There, without ranſom, to lye forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewel.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love!

Hot. It may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray heav'n you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Archbiſhop of* York's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal,
This to my couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.

Sir *Mich.* My Lord, I gueſs their tenour.

York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe pow'r was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;

I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant tryal with the King.
Sir *Mich.* Why, my good Lord, there's *Dowglas*, and
Lord *Mortimer*.
York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
York. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my Lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
York. I hope no less: yet needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell*, speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewel, Sir *Michell!* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaster, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falstaff.

K. *Henry.* HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. *Henry.* The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.
K. *Henry.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*
Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.
K. *Henry.* How now, my Lord of *Wor'ster?* 'tis not well,
That

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trusts,
And make us doff our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you'to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. *Henry.* You have not sought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. *Henry.* Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from my self, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my staff of office did I break
In *Richard*'s time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my self, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this we sware our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,

What

What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had born,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the gen'ral sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Useth the Sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self have forg'd against your self,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry*. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. *Henry*. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in tryal. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
(This present enterprize set off his head)

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valued young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. *Henry*. And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love
That are miſ-led upon your couſin's part:
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your couſin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exit* Worceſter, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry*. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hot-ſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. *Henry*. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battel, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. *Henry*. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip:
Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry.* Why, thou ow'ſt heav'n a death.

[*Exit Prince* Henry.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? can honour ſet to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? Air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dy'd o' *Wedneſday*. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to* Percy's *Camp.*

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King ſhou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like the Fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd *Hot-ſpur*, govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,

And

And on his father's. We did train him on,
And his corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not *Harry* know,
In any caſe, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Hot-ſpur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Uncle, what news?
Wor. The King will bid you battel preſently.
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him ſo.
Dow. Marry, I ſhall, and very willingly. [*Exit* Dow.
Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any of him? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Weſtmorland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth!* Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,

Making you ever better than his praise:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild in liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
Arm, arm with speed! And fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

SCENE V. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now

Now * *Esperance! Percy!* and so set on:
Sound all the lofty instruments of war;
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The King entreth with his power; Alarm to the battle.
Then enter Dowglas *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battel thus
Do'st cross me? and what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battel thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is slain: then enter* Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lyes the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! fool go with thy soul whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats,

* This was the word of battle on *Percy*'s side. See *Hall*'s Chron. fol. 22.

I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Alarm, enter* Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; there's vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword;
Many a noble man lyes ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

P. *Henry.* He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword: but take my piſtol if thou wilt.

P. *Henry.* Give it me: what, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city.
[*The Prince draws out a bottle of Sack.*

P. *Henry.* What, is't a time to jeſt and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, He'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Alarm, Excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaster, *and the Earl of* Westmorland.

K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. *Henry.* I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry.* I will do so:
My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. *Henry.* Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help,
And heav'n forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lyes trodden on,
And rebels arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long; come, cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lyes, for heav'n's sake come.

P. *Henry.* By heav'n, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. *Henry.* I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. *Henry.* Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

K. *Henry.* The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: so defend thy self.

Dow.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit:
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I'm ſure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight: the King being in danger,*
Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the ſpirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*, Dowglas *flyeth.*
Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* ſtrait.

K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou haſt redeem'd my loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. *Henry.* O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
Th' inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treach'rous labour of your ſon.

K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey*.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

P. *Henry.* Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

P. *Henry.* Then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales.*

Hot. Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n

Thy

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. *Henry*. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight*.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no boys' play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince wounds* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could prophefie,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lyes on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for —— [*Dies*.

P. *Henry*. Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! [*He ſees* Falſtaff.
——What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death

Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. Falſtaff *riſes.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his back.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry *and Lord* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. *Henry.* Come, brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou
Thy maiden ſword. [fleſht

Lan. But ſoft, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
And breathleſs on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it Fancy plays upon our eye-ſight?
I pr'ythee ſpeak; we will not truſt our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then I am a *Jack*: there is *Percy*; if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewſbury* clock: if I may be believed, ſo! if not, let them that ſhould reward valour bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John.*
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
[*A Retreat is ſounded.*
The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly as a nobleman ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter,* did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly born
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry,*

K. *Henry*. Bear *Worcester* to his death, and *Vernon* too.
Other offenders we will pause upon. [*Exe.* Wor. *and* Vernon.
How goes the field?

P. *Henry*. The gallant *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

K. *Henry*. With all my heart.

P. *Henry*. Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. *Henry*. Then this remains; that we divide our power.
You son *John*, and my cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and my son *Harry* will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt*.

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

Prince HENRY, *afterwards crowned King* Henry *the Fifth.*

Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, } *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth,*
HUMPHREY *of* Gloucester, } *and Brethren to* Henry
THOMAS *of* Clarence, } *the Fifth.*

NORTHUMBERLAND, }
The Archbishop of YORK, }
MOWBRAY, }
HASTINGS, } *Opposites against K.* Henry
Lord BARDOLPH, } *the Fourth.*
TRAVERS, }
MORTON, }
COLEVILE, }

WARWICK, }
WESTMORLAND, }
SURREY, } *Of the King's Party.*
GOWER, }
HARCOURT, }
Lord Chief Justice, }

FALSTAFF, }
POINS, }
BARDOLPH, } *Irregular Humorists.*
PISTOL, }
PETO, }
PAGE, }

SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*
DAVY, *Servant to* Shallow.
PHANG *and* SNARE, *two Serjeants.*

MOULDY, }
SHADOW, }
WART, } *Country Soldiers.*
FEEBLE, }
BULCALF, }

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.
Lady PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY.
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Drawers, Bedels, Grooms, &c.

THE

THE SECOND PART OF King *HENRY* IV.

ACT I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

OPEN your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports:
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big ear, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;

And of ſo eaſie and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory,
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewſbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;
And that the King before the *Douglas*' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewſbury*,
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone,
Where *Hot-ſpur*'s father, old *Northumberland*,
Lyes crafty-ſick. The poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour*'s tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Northumberland*'s Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; *the Porter at the door.*

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, Lord *Bardolph?* ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,

And

And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my Lord your son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Westmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not 'till now, to dignifie the times
Since *Cæsar*'s fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last, to listen after news.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE II. *Enter* Travers.

North. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra My Lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to *Chester*; and of him
I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury*?
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young *Harry Percy*'s spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward, struck his agile heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so,

He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? again:
Said he young *Harry Percy*'s spur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you.
If my young Lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

SCENE III. *Enter* Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, *Morton*, didst thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble Lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue;
And I, my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say: Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus: so fought the noble *Douglas*:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with, Brother, son, and all are dead!

Mort. *Douglas* is living, and your brother, yet;

But for my Lord your ſon——

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath;
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. You, for all this, ſay not that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth: if he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I'm ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heav'n I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,

Lend

Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was the noble *Worster*
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas*, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight
Stumbling in fear was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath sent out
A speedy power t' encounter you, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*,
And *Westmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch whose feaver-weaken'd joints
Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes flesh'd with conquest aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong, my Lord;

Sweet

Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.
Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health, the which if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th' event of war, my noble Lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, *Go forth*. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-born action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being, which was like to be?
Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.
Mort. 'Tis more than time; and, my moſt noble Lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle Archbiſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My Lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, *rebellion*, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, *rebellion*, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion;

Sup-

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones:
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land
Gasping for life, under great *Bolingbroke*:
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Street in* London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water it self was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelm'd all her litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an aglet 'till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel: The *Juvenil*, the Prince your master! whose chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for

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a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon* about the satten for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph:* he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whorson *Achitophel*, a rascally yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security!* the whorson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security:* I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph?*

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought *him* in *Paul*'s, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury:* and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What, to *York?* call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff!*

Fal

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John!*

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my Lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your Lordſhip was ſick. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your Lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewſbury*.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I hear his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you.

Fal.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fall'n into this ſame whorſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whorſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell me you of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think you are fall'n into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord, but not ſo patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over

your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My Lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my Lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your ill angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go;——I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding,

derſtanding, and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the mony, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: marry, not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n ſend the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it; but look you pray, all you that kiſs my Lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.——but it was always the trick of our *Engliſh* nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs ſay I am an old man, you ſhou'd give me reſt: I would to God my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmorland*. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a * three man-beetle. A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the

* *Three-man-beetle*, i. e. a *rammer* big enough to require three men to lift it.

one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir.

Fal. What mony is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox! for the one or th' other plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: a good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Archbishop of* York's *Palace.*

Enter Archbishop of York, Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (*Earl Marshal*) *and Lord* Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means:
Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance our selves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord *Hastings*, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry, there's the point:

But

But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
'Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theam so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, Lord *Bardolph*; for indeed
It was young *Hot-spur*'s case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th'appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? or else, desist
To build at all? much more, in this great work,
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortifie in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house,

Beyond his pow'r to build it; who half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To us no more; nay, not ſo much, Lord *Bardolph*.
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one pow'r againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower*; perforce a third
Muſt take up us: ſo is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

York. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter* and *Weſtmorland*:
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth*.
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be!
And now being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.

So,

So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou wouldſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They that, when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th'admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now; O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Hoſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Hoſteſs with two Officers, Fang *and* Snare.

Hoſt. MR. *Fang*, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Hoſt. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day, take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my * vice.

* *Vice*, or *graſt*, a metaphor taken from a ſmith's *vice*.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar*'s *head* in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooth*'s the *Silkman*. I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long loan, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have born, and born, and born: and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou * hony-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou * hony-ſeed rogue, thou art a hony-ſeed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou, rogue? do, thou hempſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

SCENE II. *Enter Chief Juſtice.*

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

* She means to ſay, *homicidal villain*, and *homicide rogue*.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.*
Stand from him, fellow, wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſtcheap,* and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my Lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelf and the mony too. Thou did'ſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſun-week,* when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech* the butcher's wife come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou can'ſt.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath

hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her; but for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practis'd upon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.——

Host. Yes, in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sawciness: If a man will curt'sie and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect your reputation, and satisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Aside.*

SCENE III. *Enter Mr.* Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, master *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman—— [*Aside to the Hostess.*

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the *German* Hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries: let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, wash

wash thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Host. and Serjeants.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gower. At *Basingstoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot five hundred horse
Are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaster*,
Against *Northumberland* and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good Lord here.
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master *Gower?*

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a

fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Continues in* London.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought wearinesse durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast! (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countreys have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! tell me how many good young Princes should do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* Thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeem'd ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſs I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. *Henry.* And the boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V. *Enter* Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace!

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph!*

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a maid-

only man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

Bard. Hath not the boy profited? Away, you whorson upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea*'s dream, away!

P. *Henry.* Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him mony.*

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy master, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good respect; and how doth the *Martlemas*, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for look you how he writes. [*Gives* Poins *the letter.*

Poins reads. John Falstaff, knight—every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the King's blood spilt.* How comes that? says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor cousin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But to the letter——

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, *knight, to the son of the King, nearest*

neareſt his father, Harry *Prince of* Wales, *greeting*. Why this is a certificate.

P. *Henry*. Peace.

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable* Romans *in brevity*. Sure he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I love thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears thou art to marry his ſiſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him*, Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars*: John *with my brothers and ſiſters: and Sir* John *with all* Europe. My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry*. That's to make him eat plenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry*. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us: is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. *Henry*. Where ſups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. What company?

Page. *Epheſians*, my Lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry*. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-ſheet*.

P. *Henry*. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry*. Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned*, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry*. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry*. Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London*.

P *Henry*. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, like drawers.

P. *Henry*. From a God to a Bull, a heavy declension! It was *Jove*'s case: from a Prince to a prentice, a low transformation! that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI. Northumberland's *Castle*.

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. *North*. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy*. Oh, yet, for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his pow'rs: but he did look in vain!
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours and your son's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became

Became the accents of the valiant:
For those that could speak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
To look upon the hideous God of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur*'s name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O, never do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To-day might I (hanging on *Hot-spur*'s neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient over-sights.
But I must go and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow:
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,

That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Tavern in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns*? thou know'ſt Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſay'ſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou canſt find out *Sneak*'s noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-ſheet* would fain hear ſome muſick. Diſpatch! the room where they ſup is too hot, they'll come in ſtrait.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee if I can find out *Sneak*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Hoſteſs and* Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but you have drank too much canary, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in court*—empty the jordan—*and was a worthy King:* how now, Mrs. *Dol?*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect, if they be once in a calm they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches: for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang your ſelf, you muddy Conger, hang your ſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as * rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goujeres! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel, [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England.*

* She means to ſay *ſplenetick.*

Hoſt.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, hoſteſs——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacifie your ſelf, Sir *John*; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear——it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and as he ſaid to me—— it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt—— Neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he;—— maſter *Domb* our miniſter was by then:—— Neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name: now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what gueſts you receive; receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.——There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppey-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſays *ſwagger*: feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

SCENE X. *Enter* Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Piſt. Save you, Sir *John!*

Fal. Welcome, Ancient *Piſtol.* Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal.

Fal. She is piſtol proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps if you play the ſawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal, you baſket-hilt ſtale jugler you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your ſhoulder? march!

Piſt. I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Piſtol*; I would not have you go off here: diſcharge your ſelf of our company, *Piſtol*.

Hoſt. No, good captain *Piſtol:* not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy houſe? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, to *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I: down? down, dogs; down, fates: have we not * *Hiren* here?

* A name he gives to his ſword.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours indeed. Shall pack-horſes *
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſar*, and with *Cannibal*,
And *Trojan Greeks?* nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the goujeres? do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.*
Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and, ſweet-heart, lye thou there:
Come we to full points here, and are *&* *cetera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds, untwine the ſiſters three: come, *Atropos*, I ſay. [*Drawing his ſword.*

* Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian Play intitled *Tamburlain*'s Conqueſts or The *Scythian* Shepherd.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whorſon, little valiant villain you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue you! alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt! come, let me wipe thy face——come on, you whorſon chops——ah, rogue, I love thee——thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol. I'faith and thou follow'dſt him like a church: thou whorſon little tiny *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins *diſguis'd.*

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not ſpeak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon, his wit is as thick as *Tewkſbury* muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles end for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their *Averdupois*.

P. *Henry.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol.*

P. *Henry.* *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not claſping to his maſter's old tables, his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive mony on *Thurſday*: Thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs my ſelf handſom 'till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, *Francis.*

P. *Henry. Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry.* Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry.* Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London!* Now heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine! what, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whorſon mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whorſon candle-myne you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Did thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill,* you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not ſo; I did not think thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal,* on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned*, in the world; honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry*. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. *Henry*. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul! for the other, I owe her mony; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent?*

P. *Henry*. You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis*.

SCENE XII. *Enter* Peto.

P. *Henry*. *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts
Come from the north; and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,

And

And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaff*.

P. *Henry*. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the South
Born with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak: *Falstaff*, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently: a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah: farewel, hostess, farewel, *Dol*. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst ——well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thy self.

Fal. Farewel, farewel! [*Exit*.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man——well, fare thee well!

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-sheet!*

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear-sheet* come to my master.

Host. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Henry *in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

K. *Henry*. GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*:
But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page*.
How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,

And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſom beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe to a common 'larum-bell *?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlip'ry clouds,
That with the hurly, death it ſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude,
And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then happy low! lye down;
Uneaſie lyes the head that wears a crown.

SCENE II. *Enter* Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty!

K. *Henry.* Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

K. *Henry.* Why then good-morrow to you. Well, my Lords:
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

* This alludes to the Watchman ſet in Garriſon-towns upon ſome Eminence attending upon an Alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of fire or any approaching danger. He had a Caſe or Box to ſhelter him from Weather, but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe Alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places in *Shakeſpear*.

War.

War. It is but as a body yet diſtemper'd,
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.

K. *Henry.* Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt it ſelf
Into the ſea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips; how chances mock
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors: O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years ſince *Richard* and *Northumberland*
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. Which of you was by?
(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember,) [*To* Warwick.
When *Richard* with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy:
Northumberland, *thou ladder by the which*
My couſin Bolingbroke *aſcends my throne*;
(Though then, heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs)
The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it,)
The time will come that foul ſin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesie,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lye intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. *Henry.* Are these things then, my Lord, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. *Henry.* I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the holy land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Justice Shallow's *Seat in* Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bulcalf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin *Silence?*

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow.*

Shal.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow; and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my couſin *William* is become a good ſcholar; he is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clement*'s Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cotſwold* man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-roba*'s were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, (now Sir *John*) a boy and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk.*

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Gray*'s Inn. Oh the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! He would have clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a forehand ſhaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have

have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bardolph *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falstaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honest gentlemen!

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this county, one of the King's Justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falstaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said indeed, too: better accommodated——it is good, yea, indeed is it; good phrases surely are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated——it comes of *Accommodo*; very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? by this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

SCENE V. *Enter* Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just: look, here comes good Sir *John.* Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John!*

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow:* Master *Sure-card*, as I think?

Shal.

Shal. No, Sir *John*; it is my couſin *Silence*; in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*: let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent i'faith! Things that are mouldy lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*?

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad.

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow; ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for a ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble!*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble:* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter *Shallow*, deep, maſter *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalf of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, 'till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord captain!

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal.

Shal. Hah, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen! hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, hem, boys! Come, let's to dinner; Oh the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good master corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part have a desire to stay with my friends, else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help her self: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny, so. If it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home 'till you are past service, and for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are

are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*, you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy, the ſo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off! O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur*'s ſhew, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; bounce, would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, maſter *Silence*. I will not uſe many words with you; fare you well, gentlemen both! I thank you, I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember him at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rereward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Goodnights*. And now is this Vice's dagger become a 'Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name, for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there's an end.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, *and* Colevile.

York. WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis *Gaultree* forest.

York. Here stand, my Lords, and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.
York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
Here he doth wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?
Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the field.

SCENE II. *Enter* Weſtmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Weſt. Health and fair greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter!*
York. Say on, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?
Weſt. Then, my Lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble Lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, my Lord Archbishop,
Whose See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The Dove and very blessed Spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glaives, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our selves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble Lord of *Westmorland*,
I take not on me here as a physician:
Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our most quiet sphere,
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person,
Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.

The

The danger of the day's but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine?

York. My brother General, the commonwealth
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him.
And then, when *Henry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowsed in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,

Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment or by dint of ſword
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak, Lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*,
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd and grac'd indeed more than the King.
But this is meer digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off
That might ſo much as mark you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For lo! within a ken our army lyes;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battel is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the General's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
York. Then take, my Lord of *Westmorland*, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed into this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present executions of our wills,
To us, and to our properties confirm'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I shew the General. Please you, Lords,
In fight of both our battels, we may meet;
And either end in peace, which heav'n so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
York. My Lord, we will do so. [*Exit* West.

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action:
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is weary

Of

Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an enemy
He doth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good Lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York*, in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my Lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*;
Good day to you, my gentle Lord Archbiſhop,

And

And so to you, Lord *Hastings*, and to all!
My Lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock assembled by the bell
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is ev'n so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it self;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a false favourite doth his Prince's name,
In deeds dishon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And both against the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaster*,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my Lord of *Westmorland*,
The time mis-order'd doth in common sense
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desire;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,

Stoop

Stoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
And so * success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My Lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your pow'rs unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.

York. To you, my noble Lord of *Westmorland.*

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

* *Succes* here is to be understood in the same sense as *Succession.*

Health

Health to my Lord, and gentle couſin *Mowbray!*
Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.
York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.
Weſt. Therefore be merry, Coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus, *Some good thing comes to-morrow.*
York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they ſhout.
Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.
York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.
Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit* Weſt.
And, good my Lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.
York. Go, good Lord *Haſtings:*
And ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. [*Exit* Haſt.
Lan. I truſt, Lords, we ſhall lye to-night together.

SCENE V. *Enter* Weſtmorland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The leaders having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My Lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth: or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.
Weſt. Good tidings, my Lord *Haſtings*; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:
And you, Lord Archbiſhop, and you, Lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n and not we have ſafely fought to-day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm, Excurſions.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe:* my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now.
Call in the pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit* Weſt.
Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?

When

When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a most furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he saw me and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesie than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cynders of the element, which shew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thy self away *gratis*; and I thank thee, for thee.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Westmorland.

Lan. Now have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his confederates
To *York*, to present execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now dispatch we tow'rd the Court, my Lords;
I hear the King, my father, is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him:
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'stershire*; and when you come to Court, 'pray, stand in your good report, my Lord.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, in the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is the warming of the blood; which before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardise; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain,

tain, the heart; who, great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without Sack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt humane principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glo'ſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Palace at* Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* Now, Lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength,
And pauſe us, 'till theſe rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoak of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry.* *Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windſor.*

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*. How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother? He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas*; Thou hast a better place in his affection Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy, And noble offices thou may'st effect Of mediation, after I am dead, Between his greatness and thy other brethren. Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love, Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold, or careless of his will. For he is gracious if he be observ'd: He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day, for melting charity: Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint, As humourous as winter, and as sudden As flaws congealed in the spring of day *. His temper therefore must be well observ'd: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth: But being moody, give him line and scope, 'Till that his passions, like a Whale on ground, Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends; A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in, That the united vessel of their blood, Mingled with venom of suggestion, (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As *Aconitum*, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

* Alluding to the opinion of some Philosophers that the Vapours being congealed in the Air by Cold (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the Sun, occasion those sudden impetuous gusts of wind which are call'd *Flaws*.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Why art thou not at *Windsor* with him, *Thomas?*

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in *London*.

K. *Henry*. And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell that?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. *Henry*. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape
In forms imaginary th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rds fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite?
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry*. 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.——Who's here? *Weſtmorland?*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to that, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.

The manner how this action hath been born,
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. *Henry.* O *Westmorland*, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majesty!
And when they stand against you may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolph*,
With a great pow'r of *English* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. *Henry.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food;
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign Lord, chear up your self, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll strait be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear it; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had

Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say it did so a little time before
That our great Grandsire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. *Henry.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some slow and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the musick in the other room.
K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

SCENE X. *Enter Prince* Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who saw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physick.
War. Not so much noise, my Lords; sweet Prince,
speak low;
The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?
P. *Henry.* No; I will sit, and watch here by the King.
[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.
Why doth the crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night:—— he sleeps with't now,
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night.——O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lyes a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious Lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it self to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which heav'n shall guard: and put the world's whole
Into one giant arm, it shall not force (strength
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Glocester, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry. Warwick! Glocester! Clarence!*

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. *Henry.* The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me see him.

War. The door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. *Henry.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. *Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither strait; this part of his

Conjoins

Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this engroſs'd
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,
Our thighs all packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and like the Bees
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taſte
Yield his engroſſments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
'Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. *Henry.* But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe Lords.*

P. *Henry.* I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. *Henry.* Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:

Thy

Thy life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thy ſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my herſe
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity,
Down, royal ſtate. All you ſage counſellors, hence?
And to the *Engliſh* Court aſſemble now
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom! ſick with civil blows:
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry.* O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*

(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally

Long

Long guard it yours! if I affect it more,
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the Crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father.
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal Liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. *Henry.* O my son!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,

By

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this Crown; and I my self know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the soil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answered.
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: And now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
So thou the garland wear'st successively:
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the holy land;
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence born out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O, God forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. *Henry*. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must thy possession be;

Which

Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry*. Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry*. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?

P. *Henry*. My Lord of *Warwick*!

K. *Henry*. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble Lord.

K. *Henry*. Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem*:
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the holy land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's *Seat in* Glo'ſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, Page *and* Davy.

Shal. BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to-night. What, *Davy*, I ſay.

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*!

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee; *William* Cook, bid him come hither.——Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy*. But for *William* Cook; are there no young Pigeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.——Here is now the Smith's note for shooing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid——Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of *William*'s wages about the sack he lost the other day at *Hinckley* fair?

Shal. He shall answer it. Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws: tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will use him well. A friend i'th' Court is better than a penny in the purse. Use his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous fool linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy business, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot* against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*; that *Visor* is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir, therefore I beseech your worship let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I say he shall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John?* come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all mine heart, kind master *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow: [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*. [*Exe. Shal. Sil. &c.*

Fal. I'll follow you, good master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolph*, look to our horses.——If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermites-staves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits and his: they by observing of him do bear themselves like foolish justices; he by conversing with them is turn'd into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent like so many wild Geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions, and he shall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John!* [*Within.*

Fal. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Court in* London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself

To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasie.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaster, Gloucester *and* Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin *Warwick.*

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my Lord, you've lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier: would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

SCENE III. *Enter Prince* Henry.

Ch. Just. Heav'n save your Majesty!

P. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* Court,
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,

But

But *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that *Harry*'s dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

P. *Henry*. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd I love you not. [*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. *Henry*. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
The great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his pow'r lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſie for the commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench:
To trip the courſe of law, and b'unt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
Behold your self so by a son disdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r soft silencing your son.
After this cold consid'rance, sentence me;
And as you are a King, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. *Henry.* You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
'Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So shall I live to speak my father's words.
Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son,
And no less happy having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of Justice. You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,
With this remembrance that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father's gone into his grave, and in
His tomb lye all my wild affections;
For with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raise out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood

Hath

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the floods of state,
And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
Now call we our high Court of Parliament,
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
[*To Lord Chief Justice.*
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our state,
And (heav'n consigning to my good intents)
No Prince nor Peer shall have just cause to say,
Heav'n shorten *Harry*'s happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Shallow's *Seat in* Glo'stershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth: come, cousin *Silence*; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*: marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, spread, *Davy*, well said, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Mass, I have drank too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah, quoth-a,
We shall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praise heav'n for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good master *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master Page, sit: good Master Page, sit: proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, master *Bardolph*, and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think master *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship—I'll be with you straight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,*
That's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long a.

Fal. Well said, master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the cup and let it come. I'll pledge you, wer't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart! Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to master *Bardolph*, and to all the cavaleroes about *London*.

Davy. I hope to see *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, *Davy*——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, master *Bardolph*?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir. [*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* * Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why then ſay an old man can do ſomewhat.

Davy. If it pleaſe your worſhip there's one *Piſtol* come from the court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

SCENE V. *Enter* Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Sir *John*, ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet Knight; thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of *Barſon.*

Piſt. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!
Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy friend;
And helter ſkelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A footra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe *Aſſyrian* knight, what is thy news?
Let King † *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and little *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghil curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentlemen, I know not your breeding.

* He means to ſay *San Domingo.*

† This hath reference to an old ballad of King *Cophetua* and the beggar-maid.

Piſt.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If you come with news from the Court, I take it there are but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which King? *Bezonian*, speak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine office!
Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King,
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth,
When *Pistol* lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, saddle my horse. Master *Robert Shallow*, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master *Silence* to bed: master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, sweet *Pistol!* away, *Bardolph:* come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thy self good. Boot, boot, master *Shallow*. I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
* *Where is the life that late I led*, say they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleasant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Street in* London.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, *and Bedels.*

Host. No, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

* These are words of an old song.

Bed.

Bed. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child I go with do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-faç'd villain.

Hoſt. O that Sir *John* were come! he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miſcarry!

Bed. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cenſer; I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue; you filthy famiſh'd correctioner, if you be not ſwindg'd I'll forſwear half kirtles.

Bed. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come!

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'ercome might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal.

Bed. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A publick place near Weſtminſter-*Abby.*

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch! [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſ.

Pist Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight!

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no mater, this poor ſhew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.
Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rowze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s ſnake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

SCENE VIII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal.

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body hence, and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
'Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do reform your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrength and qualities
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King*, &c.

SCENE IX.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir *John.*

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Piſtol*, come, *Bardolph.* I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, 'till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France.* I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

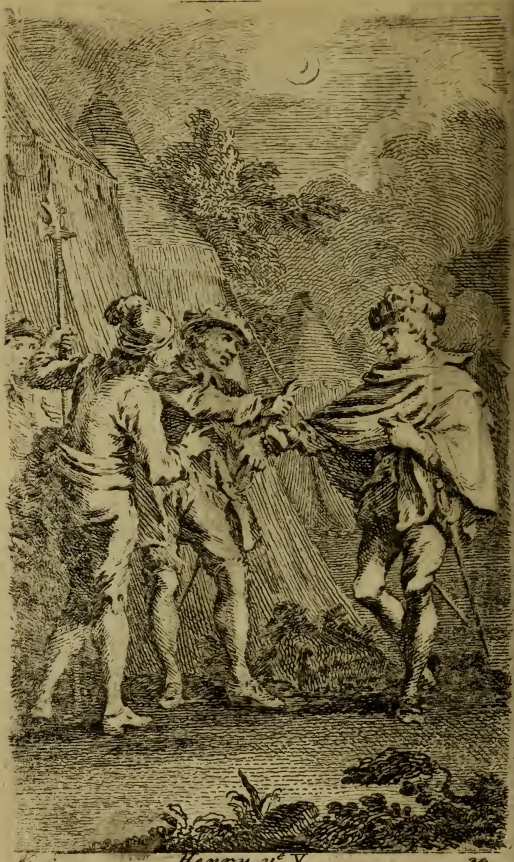
Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sie; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sie, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will I doubt prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Catharine *of* France; *where, for any thing I know,* Falstaff *shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for* *Oldcastle *died a martyr; and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.*

* This alludes to the first play, in which Sir *John Oldcastle* was put for *Falstaff*.



Henry y^e V. 20.

THE
LIFE
OF
HENRY the Fifth.

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, *like himself,*
Assume the port of Mars, *and at his heels,*
Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employments. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vasty field of France? *or may we cram*
Within this wooden O, the very casks
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O, pardon; since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whose high up-reared, and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus *to this history;*
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

Dra-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*

Duke of GLOUCESTER,
Duke of BEDFORD,
Duke of CLARENCE, } *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of YORK,
Duke of EXETER, } *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl of WESTMORLAND.
Earl of WARWICK.
Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Bishop of ELY.

Earl of CAMBRIDGE,
Lord SCROOP *of* Masham,
Sir THOMAS GRAY, } *Conspirators against the King.*

Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM,
GOWER,
FLUELLEN,
MACKMORRIS,
JAMY, } *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, Boy, *formerly Servants to* Falstaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, *Soldiers.*

CHARLES, *King of* France.
The DAUPHIN.
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Constable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree, French *Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur.
MOUNTJOY, *a Herald.*
AMBASSADORS *to the King of* England.

ISABEL, *Queen of* France.
CATHARINE, *Daughter to the King of* France.
ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess* Catharine.
Hostess QUICKLY, Pistol's *Wife.*

Lords, Messengers, French *and* English *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The Scene *at the beginning of the Play lyes in* England, *but afterwards wholly in* France.

THE

THE LIFE OF *King HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Engliſh *Court.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. MY Lord, I'll tell you, that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſions:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus;
As much as would maintain to the King's honour,

* This Play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the Chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the Earl of *Eſſex*'s commanding the forces in *Ireland*, in the reign of Q. *Elizabeth*; and not 'till after *Henry* the Sixth had been play'd, as may be ſeen by the concluſion of this Play.

Full

Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to relief of lazars and weak age
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd;
And to the coffers of the King beside
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T'invelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and fall at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We're blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battel render'd you in musick.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences:

So

So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to his theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholsome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which no doubt
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us.
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
(As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done)
The several and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain Dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of *France*,

De-

Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.
Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The *French* ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four a-clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Preſence-Chamber.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury?*
Exe. Not here in preſence.
K. *Henry.* Send for him, good uncle.
Weſt. Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege?
K. *Henry.* Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. *Henry.* Sure we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth!
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.

For

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience washt
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
No woman shall succeed in Salike *land:*
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjustly gloss
To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lyes in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve:*
Where *Charles* the great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and settled certain *French:*
Who holding in disdain the *German* women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* called *Meisen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not devised for the realm of *France*.
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain* ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,
To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo King *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience
Wearing the crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen *Iſabel* his grandmother
Was lineal of the Lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the crown of *France*.
So that as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis* his ſatisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than openly imbare their crooked titles,
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,

From

From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince,
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France:*
While his moſt mighty father on a hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze your ſelf,
As did the former Lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know your race hath had cauſe, means, and might;
So hath your Highneſs; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavilion'd in the fields of *France.*

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and ſword and fire to win your right!
In aid whereof we of the ſpirituality
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. *Henry.* We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe Marches
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. *Henry*. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of *Scots*; whom she did send to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with prisoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouzy bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *first begin*.
For once the Eagle *England* being in prey;
To her unguarded nest the Weazel *Scot*
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the Cat must stay at home;
Yet that is not o' course a necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,

Like

Like muſick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey Bees;
Creatures that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King and officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like magiſtrates correct at home:
Others like merchants venture trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As, many arrows looſed ſeveral ways
Come to one mark, and ways meet in one town;
As, many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As, many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand acts at once a-foot
End in one purpoſe, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege!
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry.* Call in the meſſengers ſent from the *Dauphin*.

Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er *France* and all her almost kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like *Turkish* mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III. *Enter Ambassadors of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin *Dauphin*; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s meaning and our embassie?

K. *Henry*. We are no tyrant, but a christian King,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.
Your Highness lately sending into *France*,
Did claim some certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predecessor, *Edward* the third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you (meeter for your spirit)
This tun of treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. *Henry*. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry*. We're glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of *England*,
And therefore living here, did give our self
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin* I will keep my state,
Be like a King, and shew my sail of greatness,
When I do rouze me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazle all the eyes of *France*,
Yea, strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wastful vengeance
That shall fly with them: many thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin*'s scorn.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
Tell you the *Dauphin* I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the *Dauphin*
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe.

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. *Henry.* We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all thought upon
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now to buy the horſe,
Following the mirror of all chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
For now ſits expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! *France* hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which ſhe fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt indeed!)

Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*,
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for *France*. Then in *Southampton*
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs; for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But when the King comes forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Corporal Nym, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bard. WELL met, Corporal *Nym*.

Nym. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bard. What, are Ancient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve there ſhall be—[*Smiles*] but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one, but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France*: let it be ſo, good Corporal *Nym*.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay knives have edges: it muſt be as

it

it may; though patience be a tir'd dame, yet she will plod; there must be conclusions; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient *Pistol* and his wife; good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host *Pistol?*

Pist. Base tyke, call'st thou me host? now by this hand, I swear I scorn the term, nor shall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Island.*

Quick. Good Corporal *Nym*, shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

Pist. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile;
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Pistol*'s cock is up
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and groaning death is near;
Therefore exhale!

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier.

Pist.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. Coupe a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again,
O hound of *Crete,* think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Creſſid*'s kind,
Dol Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th' only ſhe; and *pauca,* there's enough,
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol,* you muſt come to my maſter, and you, hoſteſs: he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph,* put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home preſently. [*Exit* Quick.

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to *France* together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nym,* an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pry'thee, put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay,
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,

And

And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nym*, and *Nym* ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: ah poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fractèd and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, *and* Gray.

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſham*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us

Will

Will cut their passage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his best.

K. *Henry.* I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours:
And leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty; there's not a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Gray. True; those that were your father's enemies
Have steept their galls in honey, and observe you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh it self with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. *Henry.* We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest example
Breed by his suff'rance more of such a kind.

K. *Henry.* O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Gray. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults proceeding on distemper
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,

Appear before us? we'll enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highneſs bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege,

Gray. And I, my Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* Then, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours, Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and, Sir Knight,
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry.* The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn upon your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! my Lord *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stand off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils sworn to either's purpose;
Working so closely in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou 'gainst all proportion didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by-treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetche
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bad thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that *Englishman*'s.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousie infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,

Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boulted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the best-endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man——Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Masham*.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Thomas Gray*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er my self,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign!

K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching

Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, Lords, for *France*, the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it strait in expedition.
Cheerly to sea the signs of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to* London.

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, *Boy, and Hostess.*

Host. Pr'ythee, honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Pist. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith: *Nym*, rouze thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead,
And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Host. Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s bosom. He made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, Sir *John?* quoth I: what, man? be o' good cheer: so a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now

I, to comfort him, bid him a' ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nym. They ſay he cried out of ſack.

Hoſt. Ay that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Hoſt. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, and ſaid they were devils incarnate.

Hoſt. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Hoſt. He did in ſome ſort indeed handle women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog? the King will be gone from *Southampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my Duck.
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*, like horſe-leeches, my boys,
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that is but unwholſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march. Come!

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nym. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu!

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſt.

Host. Farewel; adieu! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French *King's Palace.*

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Constable.*

Fr. King. Thus come the *English* with full power upon us,
And more than carelesly it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Bretagne*,
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleans*, shall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch;
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant;
For *England* his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatally neglected *English*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace it self should not so dull a kingdom,
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in question)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of *France*:
And let us do it with no shew of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
Were busied with a *Whitsund* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically born,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassie,
How well supply'd with noble counsellors,

How

How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord high Conſtable.
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems.
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And, Princes, look you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy*-battel fatally was ſtruck,
And all our Princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* the Prince of *Wales*:
While that his mounting fire, on mountain ſtanding,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroick ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and force of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry* King of *England*
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.
You ſee this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten

Runs

Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin
As ſelf-neglecting.

SCENE V.. *Enter* Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely the crown,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France.* That you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
Willing you over-look his pedigree; [*Gives the King a paper.*
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a *Jove:*
That if requiring fail, he may compell.
He bids you in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows tears, the orphans cries,
The dead mens blood, the pining maidens groans,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,

That

That shall be swallow'd in this controversie.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my message;
Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin,*
I stand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness
Do not in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty;
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty *Europe:*
And be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in *France.*

Fr. King. To morrow you shall know our mind at full.
[*Flourish.*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ſhip-boys climbing,
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Born with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women,
Or paſt or not arriv'd to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe th' ambaſſador from *France* come back
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

ACT

* ACT III. SCENE I.

FRANCE. Alarm, and Cannon go off.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers with ſcaling-ladders as before* Harfleur.

K. *Henry.* ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our *Engliſh* dead.
In peace there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the braſs cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn 'till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument:
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds on the ſlips,

* This whole act (and alſo the reſt of the play) very much enlarged and improved by the author ſince the editions of 1600, and 16 8.

Straining

Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, *England*, and St. *George*.
[*Exeunt King and Train. Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

SCENE II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nym. 'Pray thee, Corporal, ſtay, the knocks are too hot: and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I wou'd not ſtay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions!

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nym. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all the three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three ſuch anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white liver'd and red fac'd, by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nym*, he hath heard that men of few words are the beſt men, and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues,

and sold it for three half-pence. *Nym* and *Bardolph* are sworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets as their gloves or their hand-kerchers, which makes much against my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for look you the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is dig'd himself four yards under the countermines; by *Cheſhu*, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valiant gentleman i'faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu*, he is an Ass, as in the orld; I will verifie as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Captain* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* captain, captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the orld, in the disciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worſhip, good captain *James*.

Gower.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh law, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to ſatisfy my opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captens bath, and I ſhall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town is beſeech'd; and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i' th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as volorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought

to use me, look you, being as good a man as your self both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a man as my self, so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au, that's a foul fault. [*A Parley sounded.*

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there's an end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King Henry *and his Train before the Gates.*

K. *Henry.* How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defie us to our worst; as I'm a soldier,
(A name that in my thoughts becomes me best)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
'Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his smircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th'enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send our precepts to th' *Leviathan*,

To

To come a-ſhore. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command,
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murther, ſpoil and villainy.
If not; why, in a moment look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt rev'rend heads daſh'd to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody hunting ſlaughter-fed.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we intreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry*. Open your gates: come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
To-morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.* *

SCENE

* ---- are addreſt.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Catharine *and an old Gentlewoman.*

Cath. Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien la language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Cath. Je te prie de m'enſeigner, il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellés vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il eſt appellé, de hand.

SCENE IV. *The* French *Court.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,

Cath. De hand. Et le doyt?

Alice. Le doyt, ma foy je oublie le doyt, mais je me ſouviendrai le doyt, je penſe qu'ils ont appellé des fingres, ouy de fingres.

Cath. La main, de hand; le doit, le fingres. Je penſe que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J'ay gaigné deux mots d'Anglois viſtement, comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.

Cath. De nayles. Eſcoutez: dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.

Alice. C'eſt bien dit, madame, il eſt fort bon Anglois.

Cath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De arme, madame.

Cath. Et le coude.

Alice. D' elbow.

Cath. D'elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'aviés apprins dès à preſent.

Alice. Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.

Cath. Excuſe moy, Alice, eſcoute, d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, de bilbow.

Alice. D' elbow, madame.

Cath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie d'elbow; comment appellés vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Cath. De neck; & le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De ſin: le col, de neck: le menton, de ſin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verité vous prononcés les mots auſſi droict, que les natifs d' Angleterre.

Cath. Je ne doute point d' apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deſia oublié ce que je vous ay enſeigné?

Cath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement d' hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme.

Alice. De nayles, madame.

Cath. De nayles, de arme, de elbow.

Alice. Sauf voſtre honneur d' elbow.

Cath. Ainſi dis-je d'elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellé vous les pieds & de robe?

Alice. Le foot, madame, & le count.

Cath. Le foot, & le count: O Seigneur Dieu! ce ſont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le count, neantmoins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma lecon enſemble, d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, d'elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de count.

Alice. Excellent, madame.

Cath. C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE ..... Let

Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage flocks,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but baſtard *Normans*, *Norman* baſtards,
Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion.*
Con. Dieu de Batailles! why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen Iſicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields,
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly ſay
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the *Engliſh* dancing-ſchools,
And teach *Lavalta*'s high and ſwift *Curranto*'s;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.
Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field!
Charles Delabreth, high Conſtable of *France*;

You

You Dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lefrale*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charoloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Knights;
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur*:
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies, whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſht in their march:
For I am ſure when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mountjoy*,
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed,

pleſſed, any hurt in the orld; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly with excellent diſcipline. There is an Ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very conſcience he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the orld, but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe Got, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone——

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Piſtol:* Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignifie to you that fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignifie to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowles and rowles and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him;
For * he hath ſtol'n a *Pix*, and hanged muſt a' be; damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death
For *Pix* of little price. Therefore go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;

* This is conformable to hiſtory, a ſoldier (*Hall* tells us *Hen.* V. year 3. fol. 14) being hang'd at this time for ſuch a fact.

And

And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his goot pleaſure and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain*—— [*Exit* Piſtol.

Flu. Very goot.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave ords at the pridge as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders names, and they will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-turned oaths: and what a beard of the General's cut, and a horrid ſute of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvelouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty!

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bu-buckles and whelks and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips plows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed and his fire's out.

K. *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off,
And give expreſs charge that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages
But ſhall be paid for, and no *French* upbraided
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry.* Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry.* Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King: Say thou to *Harry England*,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Advantage is a better ſoldier than raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him,
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury
'Till it were ripe. Now ſpeak we on our cue,

With voice imperial: *England* ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have born, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted;
To anſwer which, his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt for our loſs, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. *Henry*. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy*.

K. *Henry*. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now,
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me I muſt repent.
Go therefore, tell thy maſter here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf and ſuch another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,

We

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour; and so, *Mountjoy*, fare you well!
The sum of all our answer is but this;
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Yet as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: thanks to your Highness. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp our selves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French *Camp near* Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. Tut, I have the best armour of the world.

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of *Orleans* and my Lord high Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns; he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of a nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for *Perseus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stilness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea: turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Sovereign to reaſon on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of nature*——

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me well, which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Methought yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, and in your ſtrait trouſſers.

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warned by me then; they that ride ſo and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs, or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram.

Ram. My Lord Conſtable, the armour that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honour ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *Engliſh* priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman in *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf, and he ſaid he car'd not who knew it. *

SCENE

* ------ who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it but his acquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will abate.

SCENE VIII. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas poor *Harry* of *England*, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh ſollow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to-morrow they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil.*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

SCENE ---

Orl.

Orl. 'Tis two a clock; but (let me see) by ten
We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either arm stilly sounds,
That the fixt centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowsie morning's nam'd.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty *French*
For the low-rated *English* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who like a foul and ugly witch does limp
So tediously. The poor condemned *English*,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
In wasted lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet Majesty:
That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And so our scene must to the battel fly:
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The English *Camp at* Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* GLO'STER, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother *Bedford:* God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of *France.*

Erping. Not so, my Liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, Now lye I like a King.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pain
Upon

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsie grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh celerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas*: brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. *Henry.* No, my good Knight,
Go with my brothers to my Lords of *England*:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble *Harry!*

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* God a mercy old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully.

SCENE II. *Enter* Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K *Henry.* A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. *Henry.* Ev'n so: what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame.
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry.* *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* name: art thou of *Cornish* crew?

K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welshman.*

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen?*

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Pist.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate Upon St. *David*'s day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then!

K. *Henry.* I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*

Flu. So; in the name of *Chesu Christ*, speak fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept; if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in *Pompey*'s camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you, that you will. [*Exe.*

K. *Henry.* Tho' it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this *Welshman.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.*

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am: the violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears out of doubt be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſheart-en his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor mens lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs and arms and heads chop'd off in a battel ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a ſurgeon; ſome upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome upon their children rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing when blood is their argument? now if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So if a ſon that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of mony, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; ſome of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his bedel, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed for former breach of the King's laws in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have born life away, and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's

subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was well spent wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. *Henry.* I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. *Henry.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a Monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather: you'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry.* There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, *This is my glove*; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

SCENE IV. *

K. *Henry.* Upon the King! let us, our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subjected to the breath of ev'ry fool,
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! and what have Kings
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worſhippers.
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O Ceremony, tell me but thy worth:
What is thy ſhew of adoration?
Art thou ought elſe but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;

* ---- SCENE IV.

K. *Henry.* Indeed the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one they will beat us. for they bear them upon their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

Upon the King!

I am a King that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave,
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day after dawn
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in groſs brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

SCENE V. *Enter* Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* O God of battels! ſteel my ſoldiers hearts,
Poſſeſs them not with fear: take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning of th' oppoſed numbers
Which ſtand before them! Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown!
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,

And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood: and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard*'s ſoul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege!

K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour, up, my Lords. *

Con. To horſe, you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked coutelas a ſtain,
That our *French* gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,

* --up, my Lords.
Dau. Monte Cheval: my horſe, *valet, laquay:* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. Via! les eaux & la terre.
Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu.
Dau. Ciel, Couſin *Orleans.*

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my Lord Conſtable!
Con. Hark how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.
Dau. Mount them and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horſes blood!
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Engliſh* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.
Con. To horſe---

The

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battel, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Tho' we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yon Island-carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seem bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty bever peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors the knavish crows
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit it self in words,
The life of such a battel to demonstrate,
In life so liveless as it shews it self.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suites,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard: on to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The* English *Camp.*

Enter Gloucester, Bndford, Exeter, Erpingham *with all the Host*, Salisbury *and* Westmorland.

Glou. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battel.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet 'till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glo'ster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in *England*
That do no work to-day!

K. *Henry.* What's he that wishes so?
My cousin *Westmorland?* no, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By *Jove* I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my Lord, wish not a man from *England:*
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For

For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Weſtmorland*) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-lives this day and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian:*
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the Vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, To-morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign Lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man whoſe mind is backward now!

K. *Henry*. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin ?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battel !

K. *Henry*. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd twelve thouſand men :
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places : God be with you all !

SCENE VIII. *A Tucket ſounds. Enter* Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow :
For certainly thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Thus in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields ; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.

K. *Henry*. Who hath ſent thee now ?

Mount. The Conſtable of *France*.

K. *Henry*. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me and then ſell my bones.
Good God ! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves ; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghils,
They ſhall be fam'd ; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France*. *

* ----- a plague in *France*.
Mark then abounding valour in our *Engliſh* :
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly, &c.

Let

Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all be-smirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host;
Good argument I hope we will not fly:
And time hath worn us into slovenry.
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do,
(As if God please they shall) my ransom then
Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald,
They shall have none I swear but these my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall leave them little, tell the Constable.

Mount. I shall, King *Harry:* and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. *Henry.* Take it, brave *York.* Now, soldiers, march away.
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarm, Excursions. Enter Pistol, French *Soldier, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality calmy custure me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sold. *O Seignieur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O prennez misericorde, ayes pitié de moy.*

Pist.

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys; or I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, Boy, ask me this slave in *French*,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoute, comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Pist. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him and ferk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk.*

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge parmafoy pesant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu me pardonner, je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier: neantmoins pour les escus que vous luy promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens,*

&

& je me eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Segnieur d' Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one as he thinks the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex.* Piſt. *and* Fr. Sol. I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; but the ſong is true, *The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. Bardolph* and *Nym* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. O Diable!

Orl. O Segnieur! le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O meſchante fortune! do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelves:
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bour. Shame and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die inſtant——once more back again!
The man that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!

Let

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now, I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alarum. Enter the King and his Train, with Priſoners.

K. *Henry.* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen,
But all's not done, the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier! doth he lye
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lyes.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York* all haggled over
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, *Tarry, my couſin* Suffolk,
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came and chear'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe ſays, *Dear my Lord,*
Commend my ſervice to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* I blame you not;
For hearing this I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But hark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Alarms continued; after which enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be deſired in your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals that run away from the battel ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name where *Alexander* the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you ſall find in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is alſo a river at *Monmouth*: it is called *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, Got knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains,

prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in figures and compariſons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus* being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is goot men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

SCENE XIII.

Alarum. Enter King Henry *with* Bourbon *and others priſoners, Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. *Henry.* How now, what mean'ſt thou, herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To

To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our Nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe the while!)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. *Henry*. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. *Henry*. Praised be God and not our strength for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. *Henry*. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*.
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. *Henry*. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: if your Majesties is remember'd of it, the *Welshmen* did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. *Tavie*'s day.

K. *Henry*. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welsh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majesty's *Welsh* blood out of your body, I can tell you that: God bless and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace and his Majesty too!

K. *Henry*. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By *Cheshu*, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care

not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be Got, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry*. God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him, [*Exit* Mountjoy.
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

SCENE XIV.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry*. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry*. An *Engliſhman?*

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night, who if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry*. What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry*. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his plack ſhoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry*. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry*. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man that has but two legs that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove: that is all; but I would fain ſee it once, an pleaſe Got of his Grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry.* Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* Pray thee, go ſeek him and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* My Lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchaſe him a box o' th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it my ſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick:*
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow and ſee there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV. *Before King* Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleaſure, captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal orld, in *France* or in *England*.

Gow. How now, Sir ? you villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn ?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanſon*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter ?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be Got for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King Henry *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* How now, what's the matter ?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap ; I promis'd to ſtrike him if he did ; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, peggarly, lowſie knave it is ; I hope your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry.* Give me thy glove, ſoldier ; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. *Henry.* How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart ; never

never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your self; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. *Henry.* Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
'Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pody; hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your mony.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes; come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good; 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVI. *Enter* Herald.

K. *Henry.* Are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. * *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King;
John Duke of *Bourbon*, and Lord *Bouchiqualt*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty six; added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights;

* This list is copied from *Hall.*

So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their Nobles that lye dead,
Charles Delabreth, high Constable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatillon*, Admiral of *France*;
The Master of the cross-bows, Lord *Rambures*;
Great Master of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;
John Duke of *Alanson*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*;
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*: Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Lestrale*.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our *English* dead?
Exe. Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry*. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battel,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. *Henry*. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry*. Yes, captain: but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry*. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*:
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.

And

And then to *Calais* and to *England* then,
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not ready the story,
That I may prompt them; and to such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais:* grant him there; and there being seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea: behold the *English* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London.*
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath:*
Where that his Lords desire him to have born
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city; he forbids it;
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens.
The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of antique *Rome,*
With the *Plebeians* swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæsar* in.
As by a low, but loving likelihood,
* Were now the General of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more (and much more cause)
Did they this *Harry.* Now in *London* place him.
Pass o'er the lamentation of the *French*

* The Earl of *Essex,* in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth.*

In thought, the King of *England*'s ſtay at home,
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelf have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtrait back again to *France*. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Engliſh *Camp in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. NAY, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave *Piſtol*, which you and your ſelf and all the orld know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could preed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo bold as to wear it in my cap 'till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his turky-cocks. Got pleſſe you, Aunchient *Piſtol*: you ſcurvy lowſie knave, Got pleſſe you!

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*, To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek, becauſe, look you, you do not love it, and your affections and your appetites and your digeſtions does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [*Strikes him.*

Will

Will you be so goot, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sawce for it—[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you, it is goot for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yet out of doubt and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb: when you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels, you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; Got pe wi' you and keep you, and heal your pate! [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predo-

deceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel; you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a *Welſh* correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition: fare you well! [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?
News have I that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*,
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand:
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear I got them in the *Gallia*-wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The* French *Court.*

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. *Henry.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin *Catharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
And, Princes *French* and Peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Moſt worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are you, Princes *Engliſh*, every one.

Q. *Iſa.* So happy be the iſſue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the *French* that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſilisks:
The venom of ſuch looks we fairly hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day

Shall

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. *Henry*. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. *Isa*. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.
Burg. My duty to you both on equal love,
Great Kings of *France* and *England!* That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightinesses on both parts can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from *France* too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned lyes; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Do root upon; while that the culter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckses, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildness.
Even so our houses, and our selves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages (as soldiers will,

That

That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniences,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. *Henry*. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have enſchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry*. Well then; the peace
Which you before ſo urg'd, lyes in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have as yet but with a curſory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T' appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs, or accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry*. Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free pow'r to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. *Iſa*. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be ſtood on.

K. *Henry*. Yet leave our couſin *Catharine* here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Iſa*. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady*,

K. *Henry.* Fair *Catharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

K. *Henry.* O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy vrayment* (*ſauf voſtre grace*) *ainſi dit-il.*

K. *Henry.* I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry.* What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. *Henry.* The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* Woman. I'faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer, i'faith, do, and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, Lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry.* Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable mea-

sure in strength. If I could win a Lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth sun-burning; that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I speak plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themselves into Ladies favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me, take a soldier; take a King: and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of *France*?

K. *Henry*. No, it is not possible that you should love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you should love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* so well that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and, *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. *Henry*. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, (which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife

wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off) *quand j'ay le possession de France, & quand vous avés le possession de moi* (let me see what then? St. *Dennis* be my speed!) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more *French:* I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry.* No, 'faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my tongue and I thine, most truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English?* canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry.* No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a boy; and for my *English* moiety take the word of a King and a batchelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse?*

Cath. Your Majestee ave fause Frenche enough to deceive the most sage damoisel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry.* Now fie upon my false *French*; by mine honour, in true *English* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to

flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo Ladies I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt Kings, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic; for thy voice is muſic and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore, Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon Seigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez, ma foy: je ne veus point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteur, excuſez moy. Je vous ſupplie mon tres-puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſels pour eſtre baiſée devant leur noces il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it not be de faſhion *pour le* Ladies of *France*; I cannot tell what is *baiſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre bettre que moi.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Is it not a fashion for the maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy vrayment*.

K. *Henry*. O *Kate*, nice customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the *French* council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry* of *England* than a general petition of Monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE IV.

Enter the French *King and Queen with* French *and* English *Lords.*

Burg. God save your Majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our Princess *English?*

K. *Henry*. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English*.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. *Henry*. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were, my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. *Henry*. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. *Henry*. Then, good my Lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. *Henry.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the flie your cousin in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. *Henry.* It is so; and you may some of you thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you see them perspectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry.* Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. *Henry.* I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. *Henry.* Is't so, my Lords of *England?*

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France* having occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition in *French: Nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre, heretier de* France; and thus in *Latin: Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. *Henry.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that these contending Kingdoms
England and *France*, whose very shores look pale

With

With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian like accord
In their ſweet breaſts, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. *Henry*. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh*.

Q. *Iſa*. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife being two are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league!
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. *Henry*. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be! [*Exeunt*.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but in that ſmall moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of *England*. Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

THE FIRST PART OF *HENRY* the Sixth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.
Duke of GLOUCESTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester, *and great Uncle to the King.*
Duke of EXETER, *Brother to King* Henry IV.
Duke of SOMERSET.
Earl of WARWICK.
Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl of SUFFOLK.
Lord TALBOT.
Young TALBOT, *his Son.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *afterwards Duke of* York.
MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of LONDON.
VERNON, *of the* White Rose, *or* York *Faction.*
BASSET, *of the* Red Rose, *or* Lancaster *Faction.*
Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
REIGNIER, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Duke of ALANSON.
Bastard of ORLEANS.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *a maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up for the Championess of* France.
Countess of AUVERGNE.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

THE

THE FIRST PART OF King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Glouceſter, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

Bed. HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Brandiſh your criſped treſſes in the ſky,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars
That have conſented unto *Henry*'s death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with its beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings;
His ſparkling eyes replete with awful fire

More

More dazled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and sorc'rers, that afraid of him
By magic verse have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battels of the Lord of hosts be fought;
The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.

Win. Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious church-men may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry*'s dead.
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead!

Henry

Henry the Fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make
Than *Julius Cæſar*.

SCENE II. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guyſors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite loſt.

Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s Coarſe?
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.

Glou. Is *Paris* loſt, and *Orleans* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?

Meſſ. No treachery, but want of men and mony.
Amongſt the ſoldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain ſev'ral factions;
And whilſt a field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms,
Of *England*'s coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth * her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miſeries.

* *England*'s.

SCENE III. *Enter to them another Messenger.*

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,
The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier Duke of *Anjou* takes his part,
The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Third Messenger.*

3 *Mess.* My gracious Lords, to add to your laments
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful Lord
Retiring from the siege of *Orleans*,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluckt out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him,
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the devil was in arms,
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.

Hi

His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battel.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
* If Sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the coward;
He being in the rereward (plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a spear into the back,
Whom all *France* with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*;
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; 'fore *Orleans* besieg'd
The *English* army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.

* See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.
Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haſte I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.
Exe. To *Eltham* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor,
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltham* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of public weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Before* Orleans *in* France.

Enter Dauphin, Alanſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a Drum and Soldiers.*

Dau. Mars his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye near *Orleans:*
Tho' ſtill the famiſh'd *Engliſh* like pale ghoſts
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.
Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bullbeeves;
Either they muſt be dieted like mules
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men nor mony hath he to make war.
Dau. Sound, ſound alarum: we will ruſh on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French:*
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he ſees me go back one foot to fly. [*Exeunt.*
[*Here alarum, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh, *with great loſs.*

Enter

Enter Dauphin, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Dau. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
Two other Lords, like Lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. Froyſard a countryman of ours records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* * bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampſons* and *Goliahs* now
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe
They had ſuch courage and audacity!

Dau. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think by ſome odd gimmals or device
Their arms are ſet like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe they could ne'er hold out ſo as they do:
By my conſent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Baſtard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks your looks are ſad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,

* *Oliver* and *Rowland* were two of the moſt famous Worthies in the liſt of the twelve Peers of *Charlemagne*, and their exploits are celebrated by the old Romantic Writers to that height of ridiculous extravagance, and ſo equally, that it is hard to ſay from thoſe accounts which of the two was the moſt wonderful Hero: and from thence aroſe the old *Engliſh* ſaying of a *Rowland for your Oliver* to ſignifie, *the being even with one in a tale*, or *the matching one extraordinary thing with another.*

Which by a vision sent to her from heav'n
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*.
The spirit of deep prophesie she hath,
Exceeding the nine * *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go call her in; but first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And in a vision full of Majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.

* Though the *Sibyls* were reckon'd more than nine, yet the books of their oracles which were brought to *Rome* were but nine.

My

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each ſide,
The which at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fighteſt with the ſword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtleſs he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock,
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.

Reig. Shall we diſturb him ſince he keeps no mean?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I ſay; diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight 'till the laſt gaſp; for I'll be your guard.

Dau.

Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the *English* circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s daughters *, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus* fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?
Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours,
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Presently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust if she proves false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Tower-Gates in London.

Enter Glocester, *with his Serving-men.*

Glou. I am this day come to survey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry*'s death I fear there is conveyance †.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Glocester* that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there that knocketh so imperiously?
1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Glocester*.
2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

* Meaning the four daughters of *Philip*, mention'd in the 21st chap. of the Acts of the Apostles, who had all the gift of prophesying; he being there also called *Philip the Evangelist*.

† By *Conveyance* is meant *Theft*, a clandestine conveyance of things away.

Glou.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

Glouceſter's *men ruſh at the* Tower *gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates, here's *Glo'ſter* that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids;
From him I have expreſs commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, the haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector,
We'll burſt them open if you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower *gates*, Wincheſter *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphry*, what means this?
Glou. † Piel'd Prieſt, doſt thou command me be ſhut out?
Win. I do, thou moſt uſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator,
Thou that contriv'dſt to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'ſt * whores indulgencies to ſin;
I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be ‡ *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,

† *Peel'd*, alluding to his ſhaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange.

* The public ſtews were formerly under the diſtrict of the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*.

‡ *Damaſcus*. N. B. About four miles from *Damaſcus* is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which *Cain* ſlew his brother *Abel*. *Maundr.* Trav. p. 131.

To

To slay thy brother *Abel* if thou wilt. *

Here Glouceſter's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the mayor of* London, *and his officers.*

Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!

Glou Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beaufort*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.

Win. Here's *Glo'ſter* too, a foe to citizens,
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines,
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.

Glou. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canſt.

Off. *All manner of men aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highneſs's name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or uſe any ſword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:

* ---- if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard,
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat;
In ſpight of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glo'ſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glou. Wincheſter Goose, I cry a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out tawny coats! out, ſcarlet hypocrite!
Here Glouceſter's ----

But

But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.
Win. Glo'ster, we'll meet to thy dear cost be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewel: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere be long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Off. Good God! that Nobles should such stomachs bear!
I my self fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to* Orleans, *in* France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town.
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
The *English* in the suburbs close intrench'd
Watch through a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot *on the turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal.

Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the treach'rous *Falstaff* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the *French*,
The Scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly,
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in *Orleans*:
Here through this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie:
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me have your expres opinions,
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think at the north gate, for there stand Lords.

Glan.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For ought I see this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[*Here they shoot*; Salisbury *and Sir* Tho. Gargrave *fall down.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, *Salisb'ry*; at least if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheeks side struck off!
Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battels *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, *Salisb'ry?* though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.*
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*, nay, look up to him.
O *Salisb'ry*, chear thy spirit with this comfort,
Thou shall not die, while ——
——He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and, *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.
[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The Dauphin with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,

*----to heav'n for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou, &c.

A holy propheteſs new riſen up,
Is come with a great pow'r to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here* Saliſbury *lifteth himſelf up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear how dying *Saliſbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Saliſbury* to you.*
Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarum. Exit.*
[*They carry out* Saliſbury *and Sir* Tho. Gargrave.

SCENE X.

Here an alarum again; and Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour and my force?
Our *Engliſh* troops retire, I cannot ſtay them:
A woman clad in armour chaſeth them.
Enter Pucelle.
Here, here ſhe comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.
Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee.
[*They fight.* †
Talbot, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go victual *Orleans* forthwith.
[*A ſhort alarum. Then enter the town with Soldiers.*
O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

* ----a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzzel or *Puſſel*, *Dolphin* or *Dog-fiſh*,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave, &c.

† ---- [*They fight.*
Tal. Heav'ns, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.
Pucel. Talbot, farewel, &c.

Tal.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoak, and Doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives and houſes driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fierceneſs *Engliſh* dogs,
Now like their whelps we crying run away. [*A ſhort alarum.*
Hark, countrymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England*'s coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give Sheep in Lions ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.
[*Alarum. Here another ſkirmiſh.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisbury*'s death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we could do.
O would I were to die with *Salisbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head. [*Exit* Talbot.
[*Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.*

SCENE XI. *Enter on the wall,* Pucelle, *Dauphin,* Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* gardens *,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!

* The *gardens of Adonis* were never repreſented under any local deſcription, nor is any ſuch thing implied in this place. They were only beds of earth put into portable caſes of ſilver or other matter, in which were raiſed ſuch flowers and herbs as were of quick growth and ſhort continuance, the production and maturity of them being alſo haſten'd by artificial means. Upon this quickneſs of growth the alluſion here is founded: though antiently the *gardens of Adonis* was a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify tranſitory fleeting pleaſures, and perſons alſo of a ſlight trifling account. See *Eraſmi adagia.*

Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath giv'n us.
Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the Prieſts and Friars in my realm
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis*' ever was:
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
Ever before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Serj. SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor ſervitors,
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.
Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*
Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,

Having

Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful ſorcery.
Bed. Coward of *France!* how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arms fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle* whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid? and be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God ſhe prove not maſculine ere long,
If underneath the ſtandard of the *French*
She carry armour as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits;
God is our fortreſs, in whoſe conqu'ring name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury!* for thee, and for the right.
Of *Engliſh Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Cent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make aſſault. [*Within.*
[*The* Engliſh *cry*, *St.* George! *A* Talbot!

SCENE II.

The French *leap o'er the walls in their ſhirts. Enter, ſeveral ways, Baſtard,* Alanſon, Reignier, *half ready and half unready.*
Alan. How now, my Lords? what, all unready ſo?
Baſt. Unready? I am glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alan. Of all exploits ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize

More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.

If not of hell, the heav'ns sure favour him.

Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Dauphin and Joan.

Bast. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.

Dau. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain;

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my pow'r alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail?

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Dau. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all our quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Dau. And for my self, most part of all this night

Within her quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the centinels.

Then how or which way should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my Lord, no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some part

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather soldiers, scatter'd and disperst,

And lay new platforms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the walls of* Orleans.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! *a* Talbot! *the* French *fly, leaving their cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left:

The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword,

For

For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his ſoul.
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within the chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpſe ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of *Orleans*,
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſie beds,
They did amongſt the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My ſelf, as far as I could well diſcern
For ſmoak and duſty vapours of the night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dauphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my Lords! which of this Princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France*?

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of *Auvergne*,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lyes;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it ev'n so? nay, then I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When Ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Nay, trust me there: for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
Aud therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady's courtesie.
Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*
Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Countess of* Auvergne's *Castle.*

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you've done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus*' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come,

Count.

Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the man?

Meff. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the ſcourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot* ſo much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?
I ſee report is fabulous and falſe.
I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector* for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a ſilly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wrizled Shrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask whither he goes.

Meff. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.

Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirſty Lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny theſe many years
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think that you have ought but *Talbot*'s ſhadow
Whereon to practice your ſeverity.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count.

Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

[*Winds his horn, drums ſtrike up, a peal of Ordnance.*

Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady, nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have,
For ſoldiers ſtomachs always ſerve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to London, *in the* Temple *garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, Vernon, *and others.*

Plan. Great Lords and gentlemen, what means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then ſay at once if I maintain'd the truth:
And was not wrangling *Somerſet* in th' error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment:
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificance proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose with *Plantagenet*.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young *Somerset*,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, Lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side. *
Som. Well, well, come on, who else?
Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To* Somerset.
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, *Somerset*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red. †

*---the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, *&c.*
†---a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, *Somerset*?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, *Plantagenet*?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falshood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.
Plan. Now by this maiden---

Plan.

Plan. Now by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faction, peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pole*, I will, and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pole*;
We grace the Yeoman by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*.
His grandfather was *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England*:
Spring creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon 'headed in our late King's days?
And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pole*, and you your ſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you for this reprehenſion;
Look to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill;
And know us by theſe colours for thy foes:
For theſe my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall wear.
Plan. And by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, *Pole:* farewel, ambitious *Richard.*
[*Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester:*
And if thou be not then created *York,*
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick.*
Mean time in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset* and *William Pole,*
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie; this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.*

SCENE VI. *A Prison.*

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.

* -----death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master *Vernon,* I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE ----

But

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And ev'n since then hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
Oh, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from *York*'s great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my displeasure.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father Earl of *Cambridge* lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin *Richard*, *Edward*'s son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that descent.
During whose reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his Father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley* Duke of *York*,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was;)
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-instal me in the diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title rested, were suppress.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,

And

And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Plan. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As Princes from their Courts when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.
Plan. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age!
Mor. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaughter doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewel; and fair befal thy hopes,
And proſp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-paſt thy days.
Well I will lock his counſel in my breaſt,
And what I do imagine let that reſt.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I my ſelf
Will ſee his burial better than his life.
Here dies the duſky torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with th' ambition of a meaner ſort*.
And for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my houſe,
I doubt not but with honour to redreſs them.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

* Being made a tool by the *Percies* and others to countenance their quarrels.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PARLIAMENT. *Flouriſh. Enter King* Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet. Glouceſter *offers to put up a bill:* Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

Win. COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, if thou canſt accuſe
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.

Glou. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my patience,
Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy leud, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London-Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.

Win. Glo'ſter, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diſſention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,

It

It is not that which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good——
Glou. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, saucy Priest?
Win. And am not I a Prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ster!*
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This *Rome* shall remedy.
Glou. Go thither then.
War. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear. [*To* Win.
Som. I'll see the Bishop be not over-born:
Methinks my Lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his Lordship should be humbler then,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue, [*Aside.*
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester.*
K. *Henry.* Uncles of *Glo'ster* and of *Winchester,*
The special watchmen of our *English* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble Peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,

That t

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within,* Down with the tawny coats.

K. *Henry.* What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.

[*A noise again,* Stones, Stones.

SCENE II. *Enter Mayor.*

Mayor. O my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry,*
Pity the city *London,* pity us;
The Bishop's and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter several in skirmish with bloody pates.

K. *Henry.* We charge you on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster,* mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but his Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an Ink-horn-mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very paring of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, stay,
And if you love me as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. *Henry.* O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!

Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My Lord Protector, yield: yield, *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murther too
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my hand.

K. *Henry.* Fie, uncle *Beaufort*: I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For shame, my Lord of *Winchester*, relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ster*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glou. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt our selves and all our followers:
So help me God as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God as I intend it not!

K. *Henry.* Oh loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ster*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters, trouble us no more,
But join in friendship as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the Surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* And I'll see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: For, sweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right:
Especially for those occasions
At *Eltham*-place I told your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his blood.

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his blood,
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. *Henry.* If *Richard* will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of *York*,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service 'till the point of death.

K. *Henry.* Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot,
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of *York*.
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York!* [*Aside.*

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. *Henry.* When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness. [*Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissention grown betwixt the Peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophesy,
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of ev'ry sucking babe;
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to* Roan *in* France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *disguis'd, and four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather mony for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. *Qui va la?*

Pucel. *Paisans pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Reignier.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bast.

Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle* and her partisans:
Now she is there, how will she specifie
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which once discern'd, shews that her meaning is
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.
Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*
Pucel. Behold this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbotines.*
Bast. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, *The Dauphin*, presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*An alarm*, Talbot *in an excursion.*
Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd being prize of *France.* [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An alarm: excursions. Bedford *brought in sick in a chair.*
Enter Talbot *and* Burgundy *without*; *within* Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin*, *Bastard*, *and* Alanson *on the walls.*
Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless curtezan:
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Dau. Your Grace must starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. Oh, let not words, but deeds revenge this treason!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of *France* and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,

Be-

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his shame.
Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whisper together in counsel.*
God speed the parliament? who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye like soldiers come and fight it out?
Alan. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang then:—base muleteers of *France!*
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away, let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbot*'s greatest fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again or die.
And I as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion*'s heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon* in his litter ſick
Came to the field and vanquiſhed his foes.
Methinks I ſhould revive the ſoldiers hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as my ſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* ſafe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*
An alarm: excurſions. * *Enter Sir* John Falſtaff, *and a Captain.*
Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falſtaff*, in ſuch haſte?
Fal. Whither away? to ſave my ſelf by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly and leave Lord *Talbot?*
Fal. Ay,
All th' *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*
Retreat: excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*
Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heav'n ſhall pleaſe!
For I have ſeen our enemies overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE VI.

An alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*
Tal. Loſt and recover'd in a day again?
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet heav'ns have glory for this victory!
Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think her old familiar is aſleep.

* *Falſtaff* is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry* the Fifth, Act 2, Scene 3; the occaſion whereof is, that this Play was written by *Shakeſpear* before *Hen.* 4. or *Hen.* 5. See the laſt lines of *Hen.* 5.

Now

Now where's the baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lyes.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgundy*.
Tal. But yet before we go let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alanſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.
Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſt. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alan. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions mix'd with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Dau. Ay marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor ſhall that nation boaſt it ſo with us,

But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wish'd end. [*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* English *march.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his colours spread,
And all the troops of *English* after him. [French *march.*
Now in the rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Duke of* Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes;
See, see the pining malady of *France*.
Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thy self hast given her woful breast.
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee,
Doubting

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not truſt thee but for profit's ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill;
Who then but *Engliſh Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free without his ranſom paid,
In ſpight of *Burgundy* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
And join'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return, return, thou wand'ring Lord,
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country and ſweet countrymen;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel, *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman:* turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke, thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our powers,
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *PARIS. Enter King* Henry, Glouceſter, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them,* Talbot *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. My gracious Prince and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,

Twelve cities, and sev'n walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem;
Lets fall the sword before your Highness' feet:
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. *Henry*. Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ster*,
That hath so long been resident in *France*?

Glou. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. *Henry*. Welcome, brave Captain and victorious Lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I was remember'd how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our coronation take your place. [*Exeunt*.

Manent Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of *York*;
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my Lord, the Duke of *Somerset*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take you that. [*Strikes him*.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt*.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS. Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

Glou. LORD Biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.

Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends but ſuch as are his friends,
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

* *Enter* Falſtaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy* and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one;
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men,
My ſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpriz'd and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When firſt this order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,

* See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.

Valiant

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in worst extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most honourable order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. *Henry*. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom,
Be packing therefore thou that wast a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [*Exit* Fal.
And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his Grace that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King*. [*Reading*.
Hath he forget he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon especial cause*, [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles *the rightful King of* France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. *Henry*. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glou. He doth, my Lord, and is become our foe.

K. *Henry*. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. *Henry*. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
My Lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. *Henry*. Then gather strength, and march unto him strait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

SCENE II. *Enter* Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me, my Lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant, hear him, noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine, sweet *Henry*, favour him.

K. *Henry.* Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. *Henry.* What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerset*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. *Henry.* Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men!
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerset*, Quiet

Quiet your selves and be again at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerset.*

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my Lords, be friends.

K. *Henry.* Come hither, you that would be combatants;
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my Lords, remember where we are,
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within our selves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers and chief Nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire, in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more encline to *Somerset* than *York*:

Both

Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And, good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;
And like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Our ſelf, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite will return to *Calais*,
From thence to *England*, where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that trait'rous rout. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promiſe you the King
Moſt prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.

War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wis, he did.——But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous ſpight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.

'Tis

'Tis much, when sceptors are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
Then comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets, and drum.*

Tal. Go to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England*;
And thus he would: open your city gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terrour, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot.*
Lo! there thou stand'st a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withal;

For

For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead. [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, hark, the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [*Ex. from the*
Tal. He fables not. I hear the enemy: (*walls.*
Out some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England*'s timorous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *English* Deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.*
God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England*'s right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of* France.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. *Enter* York *with trumpet and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your espyals were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux.*
York. A plague upon that villain *Somerset*,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,

* ----aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
God and St. *George*, &c.

And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou Princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel, *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd Lord.

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John*, whom two hours ſince
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done!

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel! no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe, I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Blois*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet* and his delay. [*Exit*.

Lucy. Thus while the vultur of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſts of our ſcarce cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit*.

SCENE V. *Another part of* France.

Enter Somerset *with his Army.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too rashly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desp'rate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Hither, my Lord; from bought and sold Lord *Talbot*.
Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerset*,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring looks for rescue;
You, his false hopes, the trust of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanson, *Reignier*, compass him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *York* set him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies: he might have sent, and had the horse:
I owe him little duty and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:

Never to *England* shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the horsemen strait:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue now: he's ta'en or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *and his Son.*

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me.
The world will say he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That basely fled when noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will that no exploit have done.

You

You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hope lye in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, and canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can your self your self in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from *France* to heav'n shall fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's *Son is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *rescues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s sword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pause, and take thy breath:
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father, twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
'Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee.
The ireful Baſtard *Orleans* that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoon encountered;
And interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; then in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: *Contaminated, baſe,*
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from Talbot *my brave boy*——
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battel, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen's* rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhort'ning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All theſe and more we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
Oh! what advantage bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horſe that bears me fall and die,
And leave me to the peaſant boys of *France*,
To be ſhame's ſcorn and ſubject of miſchance!

Surely,

Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s ſon:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate ſire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide,
And commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot *led.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant death ſmear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot*'s valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me,
And like a hungry Lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience:
But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſt'ring battel of the *French:*
And in that ſea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my bloſſom, in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, *born.*

Serv. O my dear Lord! lo where your ſon is born.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither ſky,
In thy deſpight ſhall 'ſcape mortality.
O thou, whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath.*

*---- yield thy breath.
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
Poor boy, he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, &c.

Come,

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms,
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s grave. [*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Dauphin, Alanson, Burgundy, *Bastard, and* Pucelle.

Dau. HAD *York* and *Somerset* brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging brood
Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmen's* blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid.
But with a proud, majestical, high scorn
He answer'd thus: *Young* Talbot *was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.
So, rushing in the bowels of the *French,*
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burg. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.

Dau. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Dau. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *English* warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Dau. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury?*
Created for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of *Washford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield;*

Lord

Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a silly, stately stile indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.
He that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmen's* only scourge,
Your Kingdom's terrour and black *Nemesis*?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of *France*.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think this upstart is old *Talbot*'s ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrifie the air.

Dau. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phœnix that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Dau. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris* in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* England.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glou. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this;
They humbly shew unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,

Be-

Between the realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. *Henry*. How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on ev'ry side.

K. *Henry*. Ay marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. *Henry*. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester, *and three Ambassadors*.

Exe. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verify'd
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie:
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coequal with the crown.

K. *Henry*. My Lords ambassadors, your sev'ral suits
Have been consider'd and debated on:
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,

He

He doth intend she shall be *England*'s Queen.
K. *Henry*. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipp'd (*Train*.
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. [*Exeunt* King *and*
Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.
Legate. I will attend upon your Lordship's leisure.
Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.
Humphry of *Glo'ster*, thou shalt well perceive
That nor in birth, nor for authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee;
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. *France*.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanson, *Bastard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. This news, my Lords, may chear our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.
Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your pow'r in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee speak.
Scout. The *English* army that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battel presently.
Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Burg. I trust the ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.

Command the conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Dau. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*
Alarm: excursions. *Enter* Joan la Pucelle.
Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!
Enter Fiends.
This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
Oh, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now. [*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? my body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* must veil her lofty plumed crest,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*
Excursions. Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.* Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*
York. Damsel of *France*, I think I have you fast.
Unchain

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize fit for the devil's Grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag, inchantress, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm. *Enter* Suffolk *with* Margaret *in his hand.*
Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.
Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend. [*She is going.*
Oh stay! I have no pow'r to let her pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Oh, beauty's princ ly majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a tryal of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lyes a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King *:
Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet he is poor,
And our Nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

* Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy, &c.

Mar.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be resc'u'd by the *French*, [*Aside.*
And then I need not crave his courtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.* [*Aside.*
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V.

Sound. *Enter* Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,

* ---captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, &c.

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easie-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Trumpets sound. *Enter* Reignier.
Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of such a Lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be *Henry*'s, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a King.
And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to *England* with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewel, *Reignier*, set this diamond safe
In golden palaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my Lord: good wishes, praise and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf.

Suf. Farewel, sweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his Majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thy self—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.
Suf. O wert thou for my self—but, *Suffolk*, stay,
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praise,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills this father's heart outright;
Have I sought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!
Ah, *Joan*, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit miser, base ignoble wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out---my Lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother living yet can testify
She was the first fruit of my batch'lorship.
War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle to

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now curs'd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, curs'd drab?
O, burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucel. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought:
Whose maiden blood thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,

That

That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, diſcover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although you hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greateſt miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling ſure,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no baſtards live,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that enjoy'd my love.

York. * It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.

Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl; I think ſhe knows not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.

War. It's ſign ſhe had been liberal and free.

York. And yet forſooth ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe,
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, 'till miſchief and deſpair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your ſelves!

[Exit guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

SCENE VII. *Enter Cardinal of* Wincheſter.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence

* *York. Alanſon?* that notorious *Machiavil!*
It dies ----

With

With letters of commission from the King.
For know, my Lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a gen'ral peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring *French*;
And see at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approaching, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
(By treason, falshood, and by treachery)
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick*, *Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe cov'nants,
As little shall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Dauphin, Alanson, *Bastard*, *and* Reignier.

Dau. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles and the rest! it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?

Adorn

Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Dau. 'Tis known already that I am possest
Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy
[*To the Dauphin aside.*
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, *Charles?* shall our condition stand?

Dau. It shall:
Only reserv'd you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of *England:*

Thou,

Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the crown of *England*.
So now dismiss your army when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to* England.

Enter Suffolk *in conference with King* Henry, Gloucester *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry*. Your wond'rous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. *Henry*. And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That *Marg'ret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of esteem.
How shall we then dispense with the contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

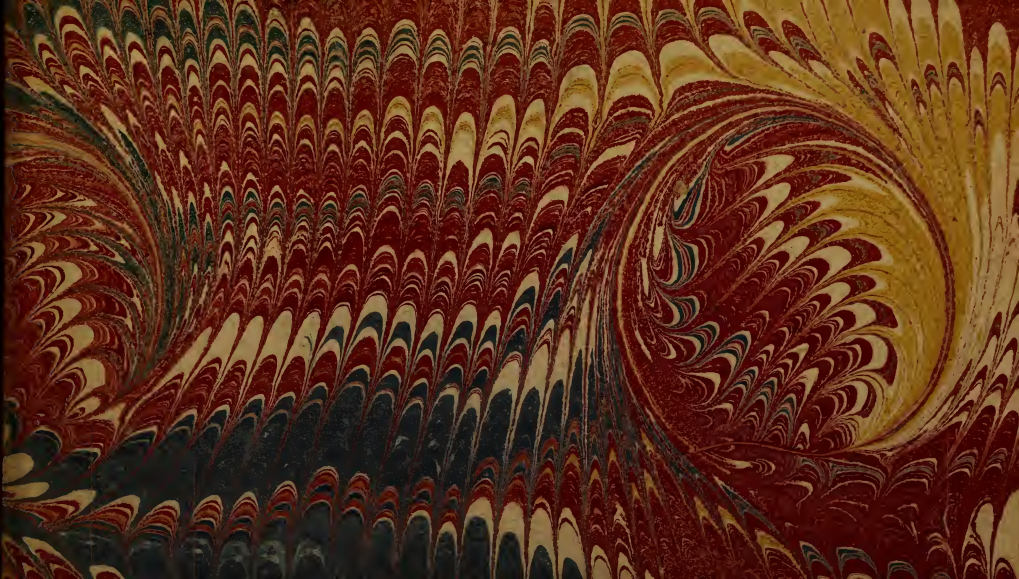
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excell.
Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great authority in *France*
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.
Glou. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto *Charles*.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
While *Reignier* sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dow'r, my Lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a King:
For *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to *England*, and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit*.

Glou. Ay, grief I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* Gloucester *and* Exeter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit*.

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.